[illegible] 1827

A

HERO OF SALAMANCA;

OR,

THE NOVICE ISABEL.

A NOVEL,

IN THREE VOLUMES.

BY H. M. MORIARTY,

AUTHOR OF "BRIGHTON IN AN UPROAR,"

&c. &c. &c.

" Behold the ways of Heaven's eternal destiny to man!
For ever just, benevolent, and wise."

VOL. III.

London:

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR; AND SOLD BY J. SOUTER,
NO. 1, PATERNOSTER-ROW; AND TO BE HAD
OF ALL BOOKSELLERS.

1813.

HERO OF SALAMANCA,

&c. &c.

CHAPTER I.

How great a toil to stem the raging flood,
When beauty stirs the mass of youthful blood!
When the swoln veins with circling torrents rise;
And softer passions speak thro' wishing eyes!
The voice of reason's drown'd; in vain it speaks,
When hasty anger dyes the gloomy cheeks;
And vengeful pride hurries the mortal on
To deeds unheard, and cruelties unknown.

THE readers of this novel assuredly are desirous of knowing how Albert can reconcile to his conscience, having by his base conduct forfeited the affections of

Cora; it is, therefore, requisite to state, that, after his gallant behaviour at Badajos, he was removed into that fortress; he had received such desperate wounds, that his life was despaired of; but youth, temperance, and a good constitution, at length restored him to his friends. He was urged, as soon as he was sufficiently recovered to bear the journey, to return to England; but this he declined; he would on no account leave his regiment; and he really retarded his recovery from the state of anxiety he was in, from his fear of there being another engagement before he was returned fit for service. Colonel Rivers was delighted with his young hero; and Mandeville anticipated with such sensations as only a lover can feel, the joy of returning to Cora crowned with laurels,

and having obtained a name in the field of glory, which, hereafter, might confer honour on those who bore it. Soon after he was appointed to his company, he had letters from all his friends in England; most anxiously did he hope to recognise the hand of Cora, that she would congratulate him on his late success, and the recovery of his health; but disappointment was his fate. At first he accused her of wanting that affection which, from her conduct, he flattered himself she entertained for him; then he was angry with himself for accusing Cora wrongfully, and imputed her silence to the great delicacy she possessed, and her fear of offending her uncle; but the agitation of his spirits was by no means favourable to the re-establishment of his health; and he conti-

nued so languid, that the surgeons made him frequently change the air, and be as much in the country as possible. He was in this state, when an officer, who was just arrived from England, informed him that it had been reported that he was killed before Badajos, and that it had such an effect upon Miss Rivers, that she had been in such a dangerous state, that they had little hopes of her recovery. This intelligence did more for Albert than all the medical skill of the staff;---then he was, indeed, dear to the beautiful orphan; his anxiety respecting her health, was also soon relieved by a letter which he had from Clairville, mentioning that they were all well, and that all their time was occupied by visiting the colleges in the university of Oxford.

Albert soon after this, with a small detachment, was quartered in a village, twenty leagues from Salamanca. One beautiful evening, after separating from his brother officers, being deeply emerged in thought, referring to past periods of his life, he insensibly extended his walk to a considerable distance, when his attention was arrested by a rustling among the trees; from the faint light of the moon, he thought he discovered a female, who appeared to be reclining against a bank; he approached the spot, when, to his great surprise, he beheld a nun wrapped in a blanket, to appearance lifeless; a convent bell at the same instant began tolling. Albert, in the greatest consternation, for a few moments gazed on the helpless female before him, when a sigh escaped the

unhappy object of his contemplation. She endeavoured to rise, but as soon as she beheld Mandeville, she shrieked, and hid her face in her veil, repeating, "I am betrayed, but the wretched Isabel defies you. I know your frauds, deceit, and religious falsehoods; but not all the powers on earth shall induce me to leave this wood, unless conducted from it by the hand of Eustace." Albert endeavoured to convince her that he was a stranger, who was incapable of adding to her sorrows, but willing and anxious to afford her every assistance in his power; but Isabel, if he advanced near to her, shrieked so violently, that he was at a loss how to act; to leave her in this state of misery was impossible, as from her words and gestures it was evident that her senses were im-

paired. In this perplexing situation, he threw open his great coat, intreated her to look at his uniform, and place confidence in the honour of an Englishman. The nun gazed at him for some minutes, and then throwing herself at his feet, "Protect, oh, protect and rescue a miserable novice, and restore her to Eustace." But she was so exhausted that she had scarcely finished the sentence before she sunk into insensibility. A wood-cutter providentially was advancing. Albert implored his assisance; "By the Holy Virgin," replied the man, "I dare not: would you, then, who are sent to save our country from the hands of an usurper and a tyrant, thus impiously trample on our laws and religion, by robbing our mother of her votaries?" Mandeville soon convinced the

wood-cutter of his error; but he would on no account receive Isabel into his hut, unless sanctioned to do so by one of the monks of an adjacent monastry, to which he immediately repaired, and soon returned with Pere St. Pierre. The venerable Father crossed himself, and the tears which bedewed his manly countenance convinced Albert that he sincerely participated in the afflictions of the miserable novice, who, with a vacant stare, repeated the name of Eustace, her voice varying as grief, hope, and despair, prevailed in her troubled mind. The monk wished her to be removed into his convent; but the agony she expressed when she became within view of the gates, brought on such alarming attacks of delirium, that Albert implored of the good father, not to com-

pel her to enter a habitation to which she had such an antipathy ; and Pere St. Pierre consented to her being placed under the care of the wood-cutter's wife. Mandeville, whose heart was tremblingly alive to the sorrows of his fellow creatures, was anxious to know the history of Isabel. This did not proceed from idle curiosity, but the ardent desire he had, if possible, to give comfort to her lacerated heart. He constantly visited the hut in which was Isabel, and sent for her use, such provision and little comforts as he considered her situation required. It was a considerable time before the crisis of the fever gave any hopes of her recovery ; and even then she had such repeated returns of delirium, that she was threatened with permanent insensibility. From frequently meeting at

the wood-cutter's hut, Albert and St. Pierre had become pleased with the society of each other; and the benevolent monk consented to gratify Mandeville's curiosity respecting the novice's escape from her convent, which he did as follows:

"A few leagues from hence, there resided a nobleman of great opulence, and Isabel was his only child. In the same neighbourhood lived Eustace, a youth possessed of great accomplishments, and of a most amiable disposition, but unfortunately he was not of noble, but only respectable parents, who were in limited circumstances. Don Antonio was blind to the graceful person of Eustace; the elegance of his manners, and his cultivated mind, could avail nothing in his eyes from their being unaccompanied by rank and fortune.

Isabel was of a contrary opinion; she loved Eustace, in him was centred all her hopes of happiness; but her father was a stranger to the exquisite sensation of raising modest worth and genius, depressed by poverty, to independence and affluence. Poor Isabel's vow of eternal constancy to her beloved Eustace, exasperated him, and he determined to abide by that power, which the law gave him, of disposing of his wealth and daughter as he thought proper; and, in a moment of irritation, he sent Isabel to a convent, and made a will, in which he bequeathed his property to his nephew, Don Sebastian. After a few years' probation, the beautiful, the interesting, Isabel, was to renounce the world and Eustace for ever, and to take the veil. Her misguided father, who acted from the

artful insinuations of his nephew, was not contented in having made two innocent persons miserable, but he excited the petty creditors of Eustace's parents to persecute them, and they were compelled to fly from their tranquil abode, and to seek refuge in a distant town. Their unhappy son solicited a sanctuary in this convent, and I should be guilty of injustice if I did not bear testimony to the virtues of the amiable Eustace; he had resided with us near eight months.

"Isabel passed her days in the convent in sorrow; St. Ambroise the Abbess, who I will candidly tell you disgraces our holy religion, is, as I have reason to believe, the friend and mistress of Don Sebastian, and, under the disguise of her sacred profession, conceals the spirit of a devil in the garment

of a saint. She has persecuted the miserable novice, by false reports, respecting Eustace, exhorting her to devote her heart entirely to that heavenly spouse to whom she must make an everlasting vow. But the unhappy girl's confidence in her lover was so strong as to resist every effort of the abbess to shake her fidelity. About a month since, Don Antonio was seized by a paralytic affection; remorse for his cruelty to his once-beloved daughter, induced him to wish to make her every reparation in his power, and he sent for her home. Only the nurse and her cousin were present when the interview took place; when the dying father beheld the emaciated form and altered countenance of his child, nature resumed her right, and pleaded powerfully to his heart in favour of Eustace; he now knew how to

appreciate the wealth which he was about to resign; in justice it belonged to his daughter; he was resolved to expiate his former cruelty, to cancel the will, and consent to her union with the object of her affections. Taking Isabel's hand, he articulated with great difficulty, presenting the fatal paper to her;—'Destroy this paper, forgive thy father, and be happy; so may my transgressions be forgiven in heaven.' This was too much for his fleeting spirit; uttering the last words, he let fall the will and expired. Contending passions tore the soul of the affectionate Isabel; she was bereft of her parent at the instant when he had bestowed on her fresh life; and, in an agony of filial piety and tenderness, with the conflict betwixt joy and grief, she sank inanimate by the side of

the corpse. This was too favourable an opportunity for Sebastian to let slip; he seized the will, and by threats and promises corrupted the attendant, persuading her that what she had heard was only delirium in his uncle, and that to rob the church of a nun, would be a crime which the blessed Virgin could never pardon.

"Isabel, when she came to herself, was bewildered in her imagination; she exclaimed, 'Can it be possible, did my father really tell me to be happy, and to tare the vile instrument which rendered me a beggar! Oh, speak, do tell me, am I really awake, or does my fancy mock me with such delightful sounds? Sebastian convinced her that her dreams of future bliss, was the wild phantom of the imagination; that Don Antonio, with his last breath,

curst Eustace, and commanded her to take the veil as soon as possible; the attendant confirmed these falsehoods, and the miserable Isabel felt the full force of the horror of her situation. All remonstance from her was in vain, and she was again forced, against her consent, to return to the nunnery, where she was more violently attacked and persecuted than ever, pretending that they only executed the commands of her departed parent. She writhed under the severities of conventual discipline, they pleading that religion justified their conduct. But this severe treatment disturbed the piety and faith of the poor victim, and she railed against the sacred order of our religion and the holy institution of our church with unjust suspicion. 'Why' said Isabel, 'are these massy gates permitted

to exist; why these hated walls, sad prisons of innocence and youth, where fraud and cruelty have power to torture and to confine the helpless? Religion is the plea; religion, which should bring peace to its votaries, assuredly not affliction; that faith which sanctions these gloomy dungeons must be false, and I abjure it; yes I will fly from you, to some happier regions, where prisons are only receptacles for the guilty, where no false vows to heaven are exacted.' The possibility of an escape had never before presented itself to her agitated mind; nor could it have occurred to any one whose reason was not disordered, as she knew the strong fastenings of the doors, and that the keys were placed under the pillow of the abbess; but her heated imagination prevented her

attending to obstacles, and with a mixture of foresight, inspired by insanity, she collected a few valuable ornaments which she possessed, and with some provisions which had been left in her cell, she wrapped herself in a blanket, and, fearless, walked towards the cloister. With dishevelled hair, her face pale and wan, her fine blue eyes wildly staring, and a ghastly figure, lighted by the feeble glimmer of a wax taper, she majestically stalked along the vaulted gloomy hall, when, to her inexpressible joy, she found the great door partly open;—with velosity she passed it, but an iron bar which she had not perceived, struck her forehead, and the blood gushed from the wound, which considerably added to the horror of her appearance.

"She had never reflected on the impos-

sibility of passing this door till she had accomplished the event, when she wondered at her temerity; and the fear of being discovered, for the first time began to operate, but with silent and cautious steps she moved through the cloister to the outer gate. As she approached, she heard the voice of sister St. Ambroise; she fancied also that Sebastian answered the abbess, and that a man rushed past her. The nun turned round, when astonishment, at seeing the bloody spectre approaching, rendered her motionless with horror, as her guilty mind induced her to believe, that the horrid vision before her was the departed spirit of the innocent creature whom she had murdered by her cruelties.— A panic seized her whole frame; a gust of wind fortunately extinguished Isabel's taper,

and she gained the postern gate which was still open. The night was dark, and it would have been a fruitless embassy to have pursued the phantom. St. Ambroise was also too conversant with vice, to let fear long take possession of her mind;—prudence directed her to fasten the doors, return in silence to her cell, where she waited in the greatest anxiety and perturbation, till morning should explain the mystery; during which period, our fugitive, in conscious innocence, pursued a wandering course through unfrequented paths, and she had been three days and four nights partly supporting her fatigue by the provisions which she had taken with her, and by picking wild berries; but her distracted mind gave her additional strength till at the time Albert discovered

her, she had sunk exhausted against a bank.

During the time of Isabel's being in the convent, she had never had any correspondence with Eustace; he was with us, ignorant of her father's death, or the transactions which I have now recited; but as he knew the term of her probation was nearly expired, he determined to endeavour to gain admittance to her convent—to accomplish this, he obtained the disguise of a peasant, and the day after Isabel's escape, he rang at the convent gate. Sebastian, whom the abbess had informed of what had passed, was come immediately to form some plan to account for their prisoner's escape to the sisterhood, as they were distracted in conjecture; but the fertile mind of Sebastian

presented a plausible expedient. Religion, that constant comfort of the good, and powerful weapon of the wicked, he considered as the only resource in this emergency; and the abbess assured the nuns, that she had no doubt, that Isabel's sinful conduct had excited the vengeance of the Almighty, and that she was miraculously spirited away, or probably annihilated, to prevent the dreadful profanation of receiving such a sinner into their holy order.

Sebastian was going in search of Isabel, when he saw a peasant—the penetrating eye of love, or of hatred, soon discovers a friend or foe. Sebastian and Eustace recognised each other—the flames of jealousy and fury kindled in their breasts;—Sebastian exclaimed, seizing Eustace by the throat—' Thank God I have caught

thee, sacrilegious ravisher.'—He drew his sword upon Eustace, who was defenceless; but he dexterously wrenched it from the hand of Sebastian, and plunged it in his breast—he fell—when Eustace fled from the bloody scene with precipitation, and in the evening reached our monastery.

"Had you seen the countenance of Eustace," continued St. Pierre, "you never could have erased it from your recollection; it was many hours before he was sufficiently composed to recite the circumstances of his crime, it had produced such extreme horror and compunction in his virtuous mind; he related it in the most affecting manner, taking all the blame to himself, from his too hasty conduct: and concluded with—'save me, reverend fathers, — save me from justice —

from myself if possible! Good God, that Eustace should be a murderer!' We promised him our protection; we endeavoured to comfort his troubled soul, to inspire him with confidence in the boundless mercy of his Creator.

"I was called on," continued the prior, "a few days since, to welcome the arrival of a stranger, whom they reported to be extremely ill; and, wonderful to relate, it proved to be Don Sebastian: in a few words he explained to me the reason of his visit, informing me that immediately after his rencontre, dreading that awful presence from which no secrets are hid, and from the nature of his wound he apprehended that he had not long to live, therefore, while life was lent him, wished to make all the reparation in his power,

and he placed in my hands a deed, resigning all the fortune of his late uncle, Don Antonio, to Isabel; he has acknowledged his guilty commerce with the abbess, that she may meet with suitable punishment for her crimes; he has also desired me to have Eustace's father reinstated in his native village; he has given a sum to our monastery, and implores the prayers of myself and the reverend fathers, that he may prove worthy of becoming one of this house, that, should he live, he might be useful, or, if he died, he might be happy.

Eustace has seen Isabel, and the youth is much more composed since the interview; but, unfortunately, as soon as I took him into Isabel's apartment, although I had prepared her to see him, yet the joy produced an alarming return of delirium,

and the dejected Eustace exclaimed, "I am a guilty wretch, and no comfort remains for me on this side the grave! Father, I must see my beloved Isabel no more! Heaven has ordained, as a punishment for the murder I attempted to commit, that the beautiful maid, my betrothed bride, should become a wretched maniac; but, indeed, I cannot witness this melancholy scene." At this moment Isabel faintly said, "Eustace, we shall be united, we shall yet be happy!" Roused by the sound, he started, and cautiously advancing, sunk on his knees, saying, "Just heaven, fulfil these words! Oh spare the intellects of this unhappy sufferer!" His voice had the desired effect—she knew him, and the tears which she has shed, induces me to hope that her disorder will now take a

favourable turn. But it should seem that these unfortunate lovers are never to know peace—a mandate came to me from the abbess to deliver up the novice; this requisition I must obey. I gave Eustace the letter, and I was going to explain the part I must take in this affair; but he burst out into such execrations against all religious houses, accusing their establishment as a violation of all the laws of nature, that I was compelled to lecture him severely. I heard, with a mixture of patience, compassion, and resentment, all which his anger and disappointment advanced; when I calmly answered him, "My son, blame not the pious and excellent institution of our church, which is sanctified by the observance of many ages, nor impiously arraign the mysterious decrees of Provi-

dence, which frequently produce good from evil; this sacred and venerable edifice has been consecrated, like most others, by our respected and pious ancestors, for purposes honourable to heaven, and useful to the community—these doors are ever open to the distressed, it is our duty and our chief care to discover and relieve the unfortunate;—this holy mansion has long been, very long, an asylum against the oppression of human laws, which drove thee from thy home; not many days since did it not shelter from the hands of justice a murderer? yet thy ungrateful presumption dares now deny its general use from thy own partial inconvenience, and impiously execrates monastic institutions, because, by a separation of the sexes, sensuality is checked.—Miserable youth, rest

assured, that the world will not remain unpeopled, because a few of its members devote their lives to holy meditation—nor will the human species become extinct, because Eustace and Isabel are not united to propagate a race of infidels." My reprimand had the wished-for effect, Eustace was touched with my rebuke, and taking my hand, he cried emphatically—"Father! I have sinned against heaven, and in thy sight!" "It is enough," I replied, "Eustace, let me see you bear your afflictions as a man and a christian, then I will compensate thy fate, and if heaven approve my humble endeavours, I may be able to secure your permanent happiness; and this monastery, which your passions have profaned, may yet prove a refuge for you from despair, by extending your thoughts beyond the dis-

appointment of this transitory world. You will here, my son, learn, that true religion, whatever outward form of ceremony it may adopt, will teach you, that we are not born for ourselves alone, but to do all the good we can, to love and help each other;—you will be convinced that, however secret, no sin can be concealed from our heavenly father; that when the world, and all its luxuries and vanities, have satiated the appetite, that comfort can only be found in conscious innocence, and sincere repentance."

The monk took Albert's hand—"I must deliver up Isabel as soon as she is capable of being removed"—the good father gave a deep sigh—"unless some event should place her beyond my reach; but here comes Eustace, I will introduce him to you, and

then you will be able to judge whether he does not merit the character which I have given of him."

Eustace advanced—he was so occupied in thought, that he had nearly reached Mandeville before he saw him; the good father took his hand—"My son, this is the gentleman who saved the life of Isabel, and who has so profusely provided for her since she has been at the wood-cutter's; I leave you together, and probably this humane son of Mars may be able to give you assistance and advice in your present unhappy situation."

Eustace would have expressed his gratitude; but Albert stopt him—"All thanks are needless;—when I rescue the persecuted, I consider that I am performing my duty to that supreme Being whom we all

worship, and that conviction is a sufficient recompense,—accept of my friendship, and tell me how I can be still of further service to you and Isabel."

CHAPTER II.

Friendship! thou soft propitious pow'r!
Sweet agent of the social hour!
Sublime thy joys, nor understood
But by the virtuous and the good!
Thou art the same thro' change of times,
Thro' frozen zones and burning climes;
From the equator to the pole,
The same kind Angel through the whole:
When sorrows swell the tempest high,
Thou, a kind port, are always nigh.

MANDEVILLE and Eustace soon became acquainted; their dispositions assimilated, and Albert felt for the deplorable situation of the lovers. The words of Pere St. Pierre made a great impression on him; viz. "I must give up Isabel as soon as she is capable of being removed, unless

some fortunate event places her beyond my reach." It struck him, that the only thing to be done, was to remove Isabel clandestinely from the hut; even the wood-cutter must remain in ignorance of her retreat. He mentioned this to Eustace; but he had suffered so much affliction, that his mind was become extremely enervated, and he gave Mandeville no hope of being able to accomplish the safety of the wretched novice; he represented the great danger attending such an enterprise, as should Albert be discovered with Isabel, his life would be the forfeit. But our young hero was not one to be alarmed easily; the idea of a beautiful girl being separated from her lover, and immured in a nunnery for the remainder of her life, was to him an act of the greatest cruelty and oppres-

sion; and he was resolved, if possible, to prevent so great a sacrifice. But, although he was desirous of accomplishing this perilous undertaking, he was not fool-hardy; the greatest secrecy he knew must be observed, and he resolved that only Eustace and an old woman, the widow of a serjeant, who fell at Badajos, should assist him. Albert had discovered in a wood at some leagues distance, a cavern; report circulated, that formerly it was the residence of a banditti; since their departure it was the receptacle of evil spirits, and not a creature would venture within a mile of the cave. Mandeville explored this spot, and to ascertain that it was totally at his disposal, passed three days and nights in it. If it had ever been the habitation of human beings, assuredly they had

no idea of comfort, as not a vestige of any thing remained useful in it. Eustace assisted him in making this miserable cavern fit to receive Isabel ; they contrived two places as apartments ; the one was for Eustace, the other for the novice and old Mary, the widow ;—to prevent pursuit, Eustace's clothes were dipped in blood, and left in a contrary direction to the cavern, —in the middle of the night, Mandeville conveyed Isabel to the place prepared for her reception ; from his frequent visits to the wood-cutter's, they suspected him of having eloped with the novice, and for a few days his situation was extremely painful to his feelings ; he met Pere St. Pierre, who looked most attentively at him ; "Captain Mandeville" said the Monk, "here is my hand ; if you feel that you are still deserv-

ing of my esteem, take it, I want no other proof of your innocence, or any vindication ;—the miserable Eustace and Isabel I wish happy ; and, although I am an advocate for religious institutions, yet God forbid that I should forget that we are not all born with the same passions and inclinations, consequently, cannot all submit to confinement." Albert's manner convinced the father that he was still the same generous, brave Englishman, of whom he had formed the most favourable opinion at first sight ; and they frequently after this met and conversed together ; but Mandeville kept an inviolable silence respecting the lovers, as, although he thought the monk the most liberal-minded man of his profession that he had ever met with, yet he knew that where religion was con-

cerned, it would be dangerous to trust him. Albert's brother officers felt hurt at the reports circulated respecting him; they were all men of the strictest honor, and they loved Mandeville, nor could they believe that he was guilty of the crimes imputed to him; but still he was a suspected character. Some of them taxed him with having eloped with the novice; to which he made no reply; and when they intreated that he would satisfy them, he said that he could answer his conduct to his Creator, and that by man he never would be compelled to answer about Isabel;—of course they resented this conduct, and Mandeville's situation became so uncomfortable, that he requested leave of absence for a few days to join head quarters; when he waited on Lord

W———, who received him very coldly. At first the young hero was abashed; but conscious innocence soon restored him to his own good opinion; when, observing that several general officers were present, he solicited a private interview with his Lordship. As soon as they were alone, he stated every thing that had transpired concerning Eustace and Isabel; he then repeated the disagreeable situation which his interference with the novice had occasioned, as he was suspected of crimes which his soul abhorred; at the same time, he could not consent to be reinstated in the good opinion of the army, if such reinstatement was to be purchased by the lives of the innocent Eustace and Isabel. Lord W——— looked at the fine youth before him with wonder and admiration;

his Lordship assured him, that so far from condemning his conduct, he considered himself obliged to every officer in his army, who protected suffering innocence; that the simple recital which he had made of the story of the novice, must interest every feeling heart; that he would not only by his countenance restore Albert to the mess of his brother officers, but he would adopt some plan of placing the lovers in greater security. His Lordship then desired Mandeville to dine with him; and, to the great surprise of every one, Lord W——— placed him on his right hand, and shewed him the most marked attention; he also, in presence of them all, told Albert that he should return with him the next day, and take a view of his quarters, that he should also partake of his

mess; this was indeed an honour most gratifying to Albert's feelings, as every officer in the British army must be convinced that the Marquis of W——— would never patronize a libertine and a murderer; several busy people represented to his Lordship how reprehensible Mandeville's private character was; to which he always listened with great attention, then cooly replied, "I know the valuable qualities of my young hero, and there is not a gentleman under my command for whom I feel a stronger affection." This conduct of Lord W——— soon silenced all reports to the disadvantage of Albert, who every night visited his friends in the cavern. Isabel was perfectly recovered; but Mandeville saw, with poignant grief, that the novice had been so tormented by the priests, and had suf-

fered such persecution from the abbess, that she now abjured all religion ; and although he had provided proper books for her meditation, she would not look into them, protesting that she only considered religion as a scourge to society. Albert was from principle good, and religion had, from an early period of his life, been planted in his breast. To see a beautiful girl before him with such baneful ideas, was a serious affliction to him ; he explained to her the difference of the Protestant and Catholic religions ; and Isabel, for the first time in her life, thought seriously on the subject ; she had been in a convent, had completed her noviciate, she knew the outward form of the Roman Catholic faith ; but of transubstantiation and other tenets of her religion she was perfectly

ignorant; and the penance which had been imposed on her, had given her an antipathy to religion, and all the ceremony attending devotion. Mandeville taught Isabel to think with reverence of her Maker, to worship her Creator, and offer up her unbounded thanks to that being who had restored her to health and happiness, if she knew how to appreciate her liberty, by becoming a devout follower of his laws; and when the novice, at the expiration of four months, left the cavern, Albert had the delightful satisfaction of knowing that she was a Protestant, and that she had formed her religious principles from a thorough conviction that the Protestant persuasion was divested of all superstition, and was the best calculated to render us good christians. Eustace

was delighted to see his beloved Isabel become placid in her disposition; that she could talk of past scenes with composure, and pray for those who had caused her so much misery; with great privacy they left the cave, and in disguise reached the coast. Lord W—— had humanely planned their escape, and provided every thing necessary for their maintenance; an English frigate received them, in which they sailed for England.

Albert had never had an opportunity of seeing Colonel Rivers since he left Badajos, and he suffered extremely in his mind from not being able to satisfy the colonel's enquiries respecting the novice; but to have committed to paper the story, would have been a great risk to himself and to them; as he was so strongly suspected of

having eloped with Isabel, that he was certain all his letters were opened. Lord W—— had particularly recommended that he would, on no account, either by writing or otherwise, mention the part which he had taken to serve the novice and Eustace. Mandeville never for a moment thought that Cora knew any thing of the matter; but even supposing that she had, he trusted, that his conduct had always been such as to convince his friends that death would be more preferable to him than dishonour; all his happiness depended on Cora, the laurels which he gained were of no value to him unless she accepted of them. At Salamanca, Lord W—— complimented Albert before the army, on his bravery and good conduct;

and he particularly noticed him on all occasions.

Mandeville attended to the sick with such humane attention, that they watched his visiting their hospital with great impatience. Being rather indisposed one morning, he had not made his usual visit, when a serjeant waited on him to say, that a man in the hospital could not die in peace, unless he saw him;—he attended instantly, when the dying man began praying for forgiveness; but his discourse was so incoherent, that every one supposed him to be insane; when corporal Gun drew from his breast a small paper, and putting it into Captain Mandeville's hands, he said, "I am a wretch, a miserable sinner; as you deliver this to the right owner, so may the Almighty bless you." Nature

here was exhausted, and the soldier spoke no more. Albert was shocked at seeing a fellow creature depart this life in such a miserable state of mind; he carefully deposited the letter in his pocket book, and forwarded it to England, by the first safe conveyance; he seldom, lately, had letters from his friends, the last he received from Clairville alarmed him, as in it he spoke of Cora as certainly going to be married to Lord Edward B———; hinted that Mandeville had no one to blame but himself, as his mysterious conduct had lost him Miss Rivers. He was almost in a state of distraction at perusing the intelligence; he then read the last letters which he had received from Darcy and Colonel Rivers; they certainly were less kind than they had been accustomed to write. For some

hours he could not collect his thoughts; one minute he would go to England, the next he abjured the thought;—no, let what would be the consequence, he would never promote his own interest and happiness at the expence of his honour. His king and country now demanded his services; he would do his duty, and trust his future destiny to that Providence who had so miraculously saved him from destruction. But, although he continued with the army, he was wretched, when he thought that his beloved, the beautiful Cora, was soon to be the bride of Lord Edward B——; for he did not know that she had obtained her fortune; and Albert, since he had gained such promotion and honours, began to hope, that even Cora's relations would not object to her rewarding

a Hero of Salamanca with her hand. Lord W——— saw that Major Mandeville looked dejected, and his Lordship apprehended that his health had been injured by the hard duty which he had undergone, therefore, he determined to send the next dispatches to England by Albert, and he brought the glorious intelligence that Lord W——— had entered Madrid with only the loss of one British soldier.

Mandeville received the order with great satisfaction, and immediately commenced his journey with the eagles which he had taken; he now thought that his presence, and the account which he should give of the novice, whom he intended to ask Cora's permission to introduce to her,

would entirely erase from the recollection of his friends any unfavourable impressions which they might have been induced to form from the reports circulated to his disadvantage.

Colonel Rivers he saw before he left Madrid, and he told Albert, that he should never forgive himself for harbouring such unjust suspicions of his honour. The Colonel acknowledged that he had sanctioned Lord Edward B—'s addresses to his niece, and also informed Mandeville, that she was now one of the richest heiresses in Europe—he only sighed; but still he could not bring himself to suppose that Cora, who was all gentleness and generosity, would condemn him unheard, or that she could in so short a time have entirely forgotten the youth whom she

had honoured with such marked attention. The journey appeared to him to have no end; he landed at Portsmouth, and immediately on his arrival in London, repaired to the Secretary of State's Office, deposited his dispatches, went to an hotel, and changed his dress, and then proceeded to his agent's, in hopes of finding letters, or hearing some news. Mr. G—— expressed great joy at seeing Albert look so well after such severe campaigns, observed, that only two days before, he had forwarded an express to him; but he knew not on what business. "An express to me," said Mandeville, "is there then a human being who takes such interest in my concerns, as to forward such a dispatch to me." "Indeed there is," replied the agent, "it came from Scotland." "Still more extra-

ordinary," said the hero, "for I never was there in my life." "But, Major Mandeville, we will not talk on a subject which I see afflicts you. I will learn more respecting the express, and will, if you please, attend you to the War-office." In a few minutes Albert was surrounded, some congratulating him on his rapid promotion in the army, others enquiring particulars respecting the news, and their friends in the peninsula. His R. H. the Commander in-Chief was at Windsor, and Mandeville waited on him there; but the fatigue he had experienced previously and during his journey, with the agitation of his spirits, occasioned a fever, and for several weeks Major Mandeville's life was despaired of. When his strength permitted, he was removed to town, attended by Eustace and

Isabel, who had been with him during his illness, and who would not leave him for a moment. He was very anxious to see his agent, and to learn some news of the express; also whether Clairville had been to enquire after, or if he had written to him; but no Clairville had called, nor were there any letters for him. Mr. G—— informed him, that H. R. H. the Commander-in-Chief, had appointed him one of his equeries; and that an old clergyman had been repeatedly to see him; but that, as the faculty had ordered him to be kept quiet, he had not been admitted; that in the course of a few days he should have a visit from the old gentleman again.

Mandeville had not yet heard any thing of Cora, or Mrs. Vansittart; indeed, he had never been able to address a few

lines to his benefactress; he now wrote to her; but not knowing that she was in town, as Clairville's last letter was dated from Wales, he addressed his letter to Mrs. Vansittart at Aberystwith. The novice was now married to Eustace, and they appeared perfectly happy; on their landing in England they waited on Mr. G——, to whom they had letters from Lord W——, as well as recommendations from Albert. A strict secrecy was observed, for fear that they might be traced to England, which, in the present state of affairs, was not thought advisable. On their arrival they were married, and lodged at Islington. When their friend arrived in England, as soon as they became acquainted with the miserable state he was in at Windsor, they immediately repaired

to him, watched by, and attended him with the most affectionate attention during his illness, and felt happy to have an opportunity of convincing him of their gratitude; but such a depression appeared on his spirits, that not all they could do to amuse him proved of any avail.

Day after day passed, and he did not hear from Mrs. Vansittart, Clairville, or any of his friends. Colonel Darcy he knew was in England, yet he had never called on him; was it then possible that he was deserted by all his acquaintance. He had felt a great anxiety to see the clergyman who had enquired after him during his illness; but, although he had expressed such impatience to see Mandeville, yet several weeks elapsed, and he had not renewed his call.

Albert, after having gained such honour at Salamanca, appeared to have surmounted the greatest obstacle to his union with Cora, for the name of Mandeville would be recorded to after ages, and his descendants would never have reason to blush at bearing it. He now ceased to lament, as he had formerly done, being ignorant of his connections, nay, at times he even dreaded that by such a discovery he might prove to be a child of vice, and that his parents were a disgrace to the community; at present he was supposed by some to be a natural child, it was true; but since he had entered into what is called the world, he found that so far from a disgrace being attached to persons of such pedigree, that no distinction was made between them and others; this did not coincide with

his notion of propriety; nevertheless, as he benefitted by such toleration, he very wisely never touched on that subject; others he knew, probably, thought him the offspring of poverty; and some, very likely, considered him as descended from persons of rank; as, according to the estimation he was held in by them, so would they appreciate his birth. With these impressions he became more reconciled to his destiny; but short, very short, were the dreams of happiness; for Cora, his beloved Cora, had entirely forgotten him; nay, Colonel Rivers, whom he had considered as a father and friend, had sanctioned her marrying another. Major Mandeville, the flower of the British army, loaded with laurels and promotion, in the prime of life, the envy of his brother officers, and the admi-

ration of the world, was miserable; so little can mortals judge of the happiness of each other; and willingly would this Hero of Salamanca have resigned all his honours, to have been the favoured lover of Cora. But Albert, although he looked forward to nothing in this world which could compensate for having lost the esteem of Miss Rivers, yet, as he regained his health, recovered his firmness of mind. England had now no charms for him, and in the field of glory he would then devote his future days; he applied to be immediately sent to the Peninsula; previously to his going, he was to attend the Prince Regent's levee. His Royal Highness the Commander in Chief's Secretary presented Major Mandeville; every person was struck with his appearance; His

Royal Highness condescended to ask him some questions, which he answered in such a modest manner, and spoke of his own achievements with such diffidence, that every one was prepossessed in his favour. Some officers, who had lately arrived from the army, prevailed on him to join them at the Thatched House; after dinner they proposed going to Vauxhall, and would accept of no excuse from Mandeville; he had never been there, the gardens, fireworks, music, beauty, and elegance of the company, all created in him wonder and admiration; the party he was with called for burnt hock. Albert never was addicted to drinking, he had taken his usual quantity of wine at dinner, therefore he left them, and strolled down some of the dark walks, which suited the

present colour of his mind; the night was extremely beautiful, he stood in silent admiration gazing on the stars, offered up his grateful prayer to heaven for the innumerable blessings which he had experienced, and fervently prayed that those most dear to him might be exempt from all the miseries to which humanity is heir. A whispering arrested his attention; he was moving from the spot, when he heard "On his death-bed he gave the letter to an officer, and the whole of the business is discovered; they say, that Major Mandeville is now in England, if so, what will become of us?" Astonishment reduced Albert to a statue; when he looked around all was darkness, and not a human being within his view; he listened, but not the sound of a foot-step could he hear;

when he joined his party they joked him on his absence, requested to know whether he had found the novice sitting with the old hermit? Mandeville said, he "trusted that his friends were convinced that he had ever acted as honour and humanity dictated." He looked grave when he addressed them; upon which they assured him, that, although they were ignorant of the fate of Isabel, they felt convinced that he had only lent his assistance to prevent oppression. "We will discuss this another time," replied Albert, "you, Neville, I expect to breakfast with me to-morrow morning; when I will introduce you to some friends of mine; indeed, I hope during my absence you will supply my place to them."

Sleep did not visit Mandeville, he could not refrain from thinking of what he had

heard at Vauxhall; the express which had been forwarded to him, and the clergyman with whom he was now able to converse, never appeared. He reflected on human life, and agreed with Young in comparing it to a sun-dial.

" That Solar shadow, as it measures life,
It life resembles too—life speeds away
From point to point, tho' seeming to stand still;
The running fugitive is swift by stealth:
Too subtle is the movement to be seen,
Yet soon man's hour is up, and we are gone.
Warnings point out our danger gnomous time,
As these are useless when the sun is set;
So those, but when more glorious reason shines.
Reason should judge in all; in reason's eye,
That sedentary shadow travels hard:
But all mankind mistake the time of day;
Even age itself; fresh hopes are hourly sown
In furrowed brows. So gentle life's descent,
We shut our eyes, and think it is a plain.
We take fair days in winter for the spring:
We turn our blessings into bane; since oft
Man must compute that age he cannot feel:

He scarce believes he's older for his years,
Thus, at life's latent eve, we keep in store
One disappointment sure, to crown the rest;
The disappointment of a promis'd hour.

Mandeville considered that at this moment all his prospects of happiness were fled for ever; for more than three years he had existed upon the hope, that by his good conduct he should obtain Cora; he allowed that he had been fortunate in having deserved the thanks of his country; but Cora now was not to recompence him for his toil and danger.

Neville breakfasted with him agreeable to appointment, when Albert related to him the history of Isabel; he said, that from an unforseen event, he was prevented introducing her to some friends of his; that in a strange country to be with-

out some female acquaintance was a very distressing situation for a young woman of delicate sentiments; therefore, after Neville had seen the Novice, he hoped that he would feel such an interest in her welfare, as to be induced to introduce her and Eustace to his mother and sisters. Captain Neville was a young man of great humanity, it was sufficient for him to know that a deserving object was in distress, for him to extend his benevolence to them. Eustace and Isabel's misfortunes and present situation excited his compassion; and the same day he brought his relations to visit them; the more they knew of the interesting Novice, the greater their attachment became to her; pecuniary obligations Isabel would not accept of; she had brought with her some valuable

trinkets, and she looked forward with the expectation of being put in possession of all her property, as the benevolent and brave Lord W—— had promised to use his influence in obtaining for her the estates of her father. Mrs. Neville had two daughters, they were amiable young women, and had been educated with great care; as they were orphans of an officer, and their fortunes very moderate, they had not been taught either music or foreign languages. Isabel spoke English very tolerably; sometimes she was at a loss for proper words to convey her ideas; the Miss Neville's frequently regretted their inability of assisting her, and she offered to instruct them in French and Spanish; this they accepted with sincere thanks, and they became so intimate that they met

every day. Mrs. Neville prevailed on Eustace not to dispose of the jewels; but to raise money on them, for as they had been for ages in Don Antonio's family, it was a pity to part from them, at least to wait till they knew the result of what would prove their property.

Mandeville was delighted to leave Isabel in such good hands; he once more was occupied in making purchases for his return to the army, and as he did not intend to come back in a hurry to England, he was anxious to provide himself with many little comforts which he had recently found the want of. On Ludgate Hill he saw in a window some silver spoons and forks, which went into a small compass, he entered to look at them. While he was speaking to the person who attended, a

servant brought in several boxes of jewels, and desired that he might have a receipt for the same, as his mistress would require one from him. Several persons came forward and examined the contents, when one of the gentlemen requested to know whether he should give two acknowledgments or one, as he saw that both Mrs. Vansittart's and Miss Rivers's jewels were returned; the man replied that he was only requested to take one receipt. Albert now looked at the servant whom he perceived to be in deep mourning; this rencontre took such an effect on him, that he turned so giddy as to be compelled to support himself against the wall, and before he was sufficiently recovered to ask any question, the servant was gone. He bought some articles which he wanted,

and then requested to know whether it was a Mistress Vansittart from India, to whom the jewels belonged; he was answered in the affirmative, and the gentleman added, that when she had not any use for them she sent them to their house to be taken care of; that he was glad the family were returned to town; indeed, he had felt great concern at the melancholy event which had taken place. At this moment the Earl of Topaz came in, and the gentleman spoke to him, when he departed with the Earl. Mandeville applied to some other of the shopmen to know what had happened in Mrs. Vansittart's family; but they were all ignorant of every circumstance respecting that lady. He then enquired when the gentleman he had just addressed would

return; they said it probably would be several days, as he was gone with Lord Topaz to value and exchange some old family plate. The Major was in such a dreadful state of anxiety, that he was quite in a fever; he walked back to his lodgings with such a hurried step, that every person looked at him as he passed; he met some officers of his acquaintance; but he gave them such laconic answers, that he soon got rid of them; but in the middle of the Strand he was accosted by an old servant of his dear departed patroness; she would not let her young master, as she called him, escape in such a hurry; she told him of all her acquaintances, and that she had been in town three weeks, in expectation of seeing her cousin, who had been wounded, and was

expected to come to England; that he had served in seven engagements, and she hoped would now become a pensioner in Chelsea Hospital. He asked her after Cora; but of her she knew nothing; she heard there were fine doings at Mrs. Vansittart's, who she recollected scolding her for not making more haste the night his honor was found with a light; that her niece was to be married to some great lord; but as she was waiting for her brother, who lived in Wapping, she had not yet been to Grosvenor Square; but was now going there. "Then Cora resides in Grosvenor Square?" said Albert. Martha stared at him, for he uttered it with such emphasis and expression, that she began to fear that by being in the wars, he had lost his senses. "Is Cora married?" he con-

tinued. "Who do you mean, Sir? I know no such person." He made no reply, but quickened his pace to his lodgings; his servant was standing at the street-door. "The gentleman is here, Sir." "What gentleman?" "The old clergyman, Sir." Mandeville ran up stairs with great velocity.

CHAPTER III.

Many are the sayings of the wise,
In ancient and in modern books enroll'd,
Extolling patience as the truest fortitude;
And to the bearing well of all calamities,
All chances incident to man's frail life,
Consolatories writ
With studied argument, and much persuasion, sought
Lenient of grief and anxious thought;
But with th' afflicted, in his pangs, their sound
Little prevails, or rather seems a tune
Harsh, and of dissonant mood from his complaint;
Unless he feels within
Some consolation from above,
Secret refreshings, that repair his strength,
And fainting spirits uphold.

Colonel Darcy felt a weight at his heart every time he looked at Cora, and he

would gladly have given half his possessions to have known who really were the parents of Albert, and whether he was innocent of the dreadful crimes imputed to him; for he was now convinced, from Cora's countenance, that she had not overcome her partiality to Mandeville, and he dreaded that she was going to make herself miserable; he perused Mr. Read's letter again; even swore at his stupidity in not saying who were the persons who had inquired about the foundling. Nor was Mrs. Vansittart more at ease; for she now forcibly felt the impropriety of concealing the contents of Mandeville's letter from her niece. The breakfast was finished, and still the Duke and Lord Edward B— did not arrive. The magnificence of the equipages had brought an immense con-

course of people to the door; expectation sat on every countenance; Clairville was all impatience — Matilda looked at her friend and sighed; they remained in this state, when a servant, who had been sent to the Duke's house, returned with the strange intelligence, that neither his grace nor Lord Edward B— were come to town; but that every thing was prepared for their reception, — the wedding garments and all in readiness.

What was now to be done;—the gentlemen consulted, and the result was, that they did not know how to act. Lady Gordon was in great distress—Mrs. Vansittart and Cora were apprehensive that something of an extraordinary nature must have occurred to prevent the gentlemen coming to town; Sir John and

Lady Rivers thought that the Duke had been taken ill on the road—then, observed Darcy, Lord Edward would have sent an express.—It wanted, by the time that every one had made their conjecture, only a quarter to twelve; Cora then intreated that the party would accompany Matilda to church; to this she made various objections; but when her friend assured her that she felt so miserable at being the innocent cause of such disappointment to Clairville and Lady Gordon, at the united intreaties of the party, Miss Gordon consented; then another altercation arose, she wanted Cora to accompany her; but this Miss Rivers objected to, as in her present situation it would be highly indecorous in her to appear in the church. Colonel Darcy said that he would stay with Cora;

and the party proceeded to St. George's, Hanover Square. During their absence, Darcy several times mentioned Mandeville, expressed his great pleasure at hearing that he would soon possess the only thing wanted to make him completely happy, respectable parents, and independence;—as his young friend gave no answer, he taxed her with insensibility in not feeling joy at the good fortune of the foundling.

"I only, my dear Colonel, am surprised that you should dwell on a subject, which assuredly you know must be painful to me in my present situation, as the betrothed bride of an amiable nobleman; surely I have no right to feel more for Major Mandeville than a common acquaintance; but, however, as you probe my sentiments, you shall know the inmost secret of my heart:

Albert, when I thought him deserving of my affections, I esteemed above every other being; I now rejoice in his prospect of worldly acquisition; and should I ever hear that he was miserable, I fear that I should myself be wretched, for the sentiments I entertained for him appear to be entwined with the fibres of my heart. But Mandeville is a libertine and a murderer, and had he millions to offer I would reject him. I confess I do not feel for lord Edward B— the same inquietudes which I formerly experienced for Albert. When he is absent I have no fears for his safety,—if he does not arrive at the moment he fixed, my heart does not palpitate with anxiety—when he comes, it raises no emotion in my breast; I am glad to see him, admire him for his accomplishments,

and the many amiable qualities which he possesses, and, in uniting my fate with his, I feel that I am doing what is acceptable to my family, and that I also shall secure my own felicity."

The bride and bride-groom now entered—an elegant dinner had been ordered at the Star and Garter at Richmond, and they wished to prevail on Cora to join them; but every one agreed that it would not be proper for her to leave town. Mrs. Vansittart excused herself, as to leave the orphan alone, she observed, would be cruel; and indeed Cora had exerted herself to the extent of her ability, for as soon as she reached home, she retired to her apartment, and relieved her full heart by a flood of tears. Mrs. Vansittart was in little better spirits; the events of the

morning appeared to her so extraordinary, that she could form no opinion on them. As Lady Gordon and the new-married couple were going to Bath, and as their friends were to accompany them as far as Hartford Bridge, and proposed seeing every thing that was to be seen in the country they passed through, it would be three days or more before they returned. Colonel Darcy remained in town, as the following morning Mr. Read was expected. It may be naturally supposed, that Mrs. Vansittart and Cora passed a very restless day; every knock roused their expectation, and every half hour messages were sent to the Duke's; but no tidings could they obtain. Mr. Saville, with that friendly concern which he always shewed to those in affliction, unknown to Cora, set off in pursuit

of Lord Edward B—, for he was convinced that some accident must have happened.

Mrs. Vansittart and her niece did not retire to rest till a late hour, and even then every noise in the street awoke and alarmed them. About eight o'clock in the morning Colonel Darcy sent up a note to Mrs. Vansittart, to beg that she would immediately set off with Cora to Borough Bridge, as an accident had prevented the Duke and Lord Edward B— reaching town as expected, and that she would feel the propriety of instantly complying with the request contained in the enclosed note:

"Sir,

"A sad accident has happened—the Duke wishes to see Miss Rivers imme-

diately, and requests that she will come as soon as possible to Borough Bridge.

"I remain,

"Sir,

"Your obedient, humble servant,

"JACOB TRUST.

"*Borough Bridge*, 18—

"*To Colonel Darcy.*"

Mrs. Vansittart broke this mournful intelligence to Cora, who bore it with calm resignation;—she said she was certain that Lord Edward B— must be very ill, otherwise he would have written, and not his servant; as the note came by an express, they could learn no particulars respecting the nature of the accident. Darcy handed the ladies into the chaise, and promised to follow them the moment

he had seen Mr. Read, therefore he hoped that he should join them before they rested.

The ladies proceeded with the greatest expedition, *a coureur en avant* prepared horses for them, that they literally did not stop a minute on the road;—as to refreshments, their minds were in that state that they could not eat, a biscuit and a little wine and water was all they took. At Doncaster they heard that the Duke of Clonmel had been overturned, and lay in a dangerous state at Borough Bridge. At another place the report was, that a young gentleman had his head so severely fractured, that it was impossiblé that he should recover. These distressing intelligences added to the affliction of Cora; she scarcely spoke from the time she left town till she

arrived at her journey's end; but as the Duke of Clonmel handed her from the carriage, she was convinced that Lord Edward B— was the person who had so severely suffered.

His grace informed her, that from the carelessness of the ostler, who, when he greased the wheels, had not secured them properly, as they drove very fast, being impatient to reach London on the day before the marriage was to take place, the hind-wheel of his carriage came off; that he had escaped with a very trifling hurt; but that his nephew, he was afraid, was in very great danger. Cora requested to be permitted to see Lord Edward B—, Mrs. Vansittart said, she hoped she would not think of doing so till she had taken some rest. Miss Rivers assured her friends that

she should now immediately attend on Lord Edward B—; that if this dreadful accident had not happened, she should at that moment have been his wife, and that she considered it her duty to watch by him the same as if she really was so. The Duke, finding that she was resolved to see Lord Edward immediately, informed her, that in consequence of the fractures which he had received, that he was a dreadful object to look at, and even if he recovered, that he would be so disfigured, that he never could appear, unless half of his face was concealed, as one eye was quite gone. Cora burst into tears—"Do pray then, lead me to him instantly—let me assure him that the loss of beauty can make no alteration in my sentiments; that I am ready this moment to become

his bride, and by my affection and attention endeavour to meliorate his sufferings." "This is what I expected from Miss Rivers," replied the Duke, "and Lord Edward B—, should he recover, may bless the hour which disfigured him— as by it, he will learn how to appreciate the inestimable blessing which he possesses in a wife."

After preparing Lord Edward B— to see Cora, she entered his apartment; but requested to have no one present at the interview; his Lordship was perfectly sensible; she remained with him near an hour. When she returned to the drawing-room, she desired that a special license might be procured as soon as possible, for that she wished to be united to Lord Edward B— immediately. The physician now entered,

he said he found his patient had more fever than in the morning; he desired that no one but the necessary attendants should be admitted to his apartment, till he saw him the next day. Mrs. Vansittart now prevailed on her niece to retire to rest, when she took an opportunity of representing to her, that she thought it very reprehensible to marry Lord Edward B— in his present state; for that the surgeon had assured her, that if his Lordship recovered, he would always be an object; and she added, "Let me intreat you, Cora, not to finally dispose of yourself till you have seen Colonel Darcy; I am convinced that you like Albert; as his birth, by all accounts, is even more than respectable, you may yet be happy with him."

"Stop! stop! my dear aunt, and do not

wound my feelings by supposing me capable of such cruel and shameful conduct; let me beg that you will never mention Mandeville's name to me but as an indifferent person, for I solemnly protest, that if he would at this moment place a crown on my head that I would reject him. Lord Edward B— even refused to accept my hand in his présent deplorable state, till I convinced him that my happiness depended on my being his bride. I have never concealed one sentiment of my heart from him, he has behaved always with the greatest generosity, and now that he is no longer the gay, elegant, and handsome man, if I did not fulfil my engagement with him, I should be a monster of ingratitude." Mrs. Vansittart wished to have the ceremony postponed till they returned to

town; but Cora, on the contrary, was impatient till it was over, her sense of delicacy made it, in her opinion, not decorous for her to remain constantly by Lord Edward B—'s bedside unless she was his wife; but from the time she arrived at Borough Bridge she never left him but when she reposed. His Lordship appeared most sensible of her attention; but he was in such excruciating pain from the fractures which he had received, that it really was cruelty to wish him to survive. Cora would not suffer any one but herself to administer his medicines, although she kept him extremely quiet, yet there was not in his apartment that gloom which generally attends the chamber of sickness; she never appeared more lovely than when sitting by him, and in a low voice comforting him, and assuring

him that she perceived nothing disagreeable in his appearance, as really the idea of being disgusting to her preyed more on his spirits than the loss of his eye; but she was continually planning out the most delightful schemes for their future happiness; she said that retirement with the company of a few friends had always been her idea of bliss in this world; that now she thought, till his health and strength were perfectly established, that he would have no objection to quit the gay and busy scenes of London; that Elm Wood, she proposed to make quite a receptacle for the Muses; she was sure that Mrs. Vansittart, Colonel Darcy, and the Savilles, would join them in their retirement. Cora had never before appeared so amiable in his eyes, and for some days his recovery was even

pronounced probable by the faculty, who at first despaired of it.

The Duke of Clonmel said he was very anxious to be in town, as business of the greatest importance demanded his presence there; but that till the license arrived, and he left his nephew not only married to the most beautiful and amiable woman in the world, but out of danger, that he could not quit him; indeed, he should feel miserable at departing while Lord Edward B— remained in his present state.

Mrs. Vansittart was rather alarmed that Colonel Darcy had not joined them; and indeed, she was very desirous of knowing who Albert was indebted to for his entrance into this world of disappointment. As Cora would not allow her to remain all day in the sick room with her, she sometimes

rambled in the vicinity of Borough Bridge, and was much struck in her walks with some enormous stone pillars which stood in the centre of some fields about a mile from the town. She applied to some of the country people for an explanation of these wonderful pillars, which appear to be fixed in stone basons; but all the information she could obtain from them was, that they were the devil's arrows; but as she could only laugh at such an idea, she applied to persons more able to satisfy her curiosity; but no certainty how these miraculous stones came there could she obtain; the opinion in general was, that they belonged to a temple of the Druids, as they are not unlike those at Stone Henge.

According to appointment, Colonel Darcy went to the Chapter Coffee-house,

and found Mr. Read, who was much delighted at meeting with his old friend, and lamented that Mrs. Mandeville was not alive to see the exaltation of her foundling, whom, he said, he had just heard, brought the dispatches of our army having entered Madrid; that he had called at the War-office, but found that the young Hero had just set off for Windsor; and if he did not come to town the next day, he should follow him there, for that he was very impatient to see Albert. Darcy requested to know who was the person who had applied to him about Mandeville. "Why," replied Mr. Read, "I am rather awkwardly situated, to say the truth, for they appointed to meet me in town yesterday, and they are not arrived; when they addressed me on the subject, they requested, till

they had spoken to me that I would not mention their names."

"This is unlucky," said Darcy, "for really some very urgent business compels me to leave town almost instantly, and I wished extremely to have been able to take the agreeable news to Mrs. Vansittart, that her protegé was acknowledged by his parents." Let us go instantly to Mrs. Vansittart, for I long to see her, and talk over past times; I am so old that I seldom exceed the limits of my parish, and Parson Read is as much a fixture as his steeple."

Darcy now related what had recently occurred, which had obliged Mrs. Vansittart to leave town. Mr. Read listened very attentively; he then mused for a short time, when he requested that the Colonel would do him the favour to post-

pone his journey till the next day, when, as he had some business where he was going, he would accompany him; to this Darcy consented, and Mr. Read set off the same evening for Windsor; but upon enquiring for Major Mandeville, was told that he had been just put to bed in an alarming fever; the good old man staid that night at the inn; the next morning the surgeon represented that it would be useless to see Albert, as he was in a delirium; that only quiet could restore him. Mr. Read returned to London, moralizing on the wonderful ways of Providence; for twenty years Mandeville had been neglected by his relatives, reared by the fostering hand of charity, and had been exposed to every danger, now he was acknowledged by his parents, he had acquired honour and

renown; and now he lay on the bed of sickness, probably of death, insensible to the blessings which awaited him.

Colonel Darcy had forwarded an express to Sir John Rivers, as he thought that, as Cora's nearest male relation, he should be apprised of the great calamity which had so much afflicted his niece; but the servant met the Baronet on the road, for he could not be easy, at the uncertainty in which he was respecting the Duke of Clonmel and Lord Edward B—. He proposed going with Darcy and Mr. Read; but as those gentlemen intended travelling all night, they prevailed on Sir John not to think of encountering such fatigue in his present indifferent state of health; and, as he found himself by no means adequate to such a journey, he remained in town.

Lady Gordon, and the bride and bride-groom, proceeded to Bath; but their spirits were so depressed on account of Cora, that they could not enjoy the amusements which offered; a few hurried lines they received from Mrs. Vansittart, which she wrote the day she left London, made them fear the worst, and gladly would Matilda have joined her friend, and simpathized with her in her present unhappy situation; but her mother would not hear of such a thing. A wedding, in her opinion, should be all joy and splendour; the latter she had accomplished to the most sanguine wish of her heart, the former had been frustrated in such an extraordinary way, that she began to think with Clairville, that a fatality attended Cora's nuptials with Lord Edward B——, and

that she would at last have the foundling, which she became more reconciled to, as, in Mr. Read's letter, he hinted that he was of noble birth. He had brought the dispatches home from Lord W——. The newspapers were full of encomiums; in every column was Major Mandeville's name. This pleaded powerfully in his favour with Lady Gordon; so it is that, when prosperity attends us, we have no lack of friends; but when stern poverty is our companion, few, very few, will keep us company:

> What numbers, once in Fortune's lap high fed,
> Solicit the cold hand of charity!
> To shock us more, solicit it in vain!

Mr. Read informed Darcy of Mandeville's situation, and as he really loved the youth with the affection of a father, he

could not disguise the anguish he felt; the gentlemen then entered fully into the character of the young hero; and neither of them could believe that he had been guilty of the crimes imputed to him. Mr. Read mentioned that as he was leaving the inn, he saw a beautiful girl inquiring for Major Mandeville; and hearing that he was in danger, she appeared almost distracted; that a gentleman who came with her intreated of her to be collected, or that she would not be able to attend Albert, and that several times he addressed her by the name of Isabel. Darcy perfectly trembled at this intelligence, for there now could be no doubt, but that he had sent the Novice to England, and that she now resided with him. " Alas!" he exclaimed, " unfortunate Cora, you are

doomed to experience many trials; God, I trust, will support you under them; too probably the amiable Lord Edward B—— will not live to make you happy, and Albert is unworthy of you!" This being uttered aloud, brought on an explanation respecting Cora and Major Mandeville. Mr. Read was, in every sense of the word, a Christian, and he could make allowance for the imperfection of human nature; he, therefore, intreated Colonel Darcy not to divulge to any one his having seen Isabel at Windsor; that he could not believe that guilt was attached either to her or to Albert, for in the countenance of the Novice was that open candour, which never accompanies a guilty conscience. Had she, been a miserable abject child of infamy, she never could have clasped

her hands and prayed to the Almighty to restore to his friends the suffering Mandeville. Mr. Read said, that as he was come from home to promote the happiness of others, he would not return until he had done some good; therefore, he would fathom the history of a Hero of Salamanca and the Novice Isabel; that should they be innocent, he might have the greatest of all felicities, that of restoring to society two worthy persons deserving of their confidence and regard; and, should they prove the wicked characters represented, that he would not publish to the world their unworthiness, but by prayer and penitence, exhort them to repent of their former crimes, "lead a new life, and become worthy to partake of the kingdom of Heaven," for God forbid that he

should ever forget, "that the Lord has more delight in one sinner that repenteth, than over ninety-nine just persons, who need no repentance;" that, in his observation, during a pretty long life, he had observed, with great sorrow, that many unhappy creatures had persevered in doing ill, because once having done so, they became outcasts of society; that to encourage vice was equally as reprehensible as to commit it; but surely, when it was evident that sinners wished to return to the path of righteousness, and by their altered conduct prove their sincerity, that every person who professes the Christian religion, and believed in our blessed Saviour, should lend their assistance to restore the strayed sheep to the fold of the shepherd.

They now drove into Borough-Bridge, the bells were ringing, and the Duke's servants were all running to and fro; the gentlemen scarcely gave time to open the chaise door, before they enquired after the invalid, when they were informed that Lord Edward B——— had just been united to Cora.

CHAPTER IV.

Beware what earth calls happiness; beware
All joys but joys that never can expire:
Who builds on less than an immortal base,
Fond as he seems, condemns his joys to death.

The Duke of Clonmel, as soon as the license came, requested Cora to attend him; he represented to her that in the state Lord Edward B—— remained, that he really thought she was wrong to marry him; that the settlements were not signed, independent of which, that an unexpected event, he believed, would restore to him a son; in which case, Lord Edward B—— would not become his heir.

"I am still more resolved than ever, my

Lord Duke, to become the wife of your nephew; to call me his, he assures me, will afford him at this moment the greatest felicity; should he recover, I trust that my conduct and attention, will prove a recompense for the great misfortune which it has pleased the Almighty to inflict on him. As to the loss of your Grace's title and fortune, neither his Lordship nor myself shall regret it; long may you be spared to your relations and friends; ardently do I hope, that your Grace will find consolation for all your past sorrows in the affectionate attention of your child." The Duke was much affected; Cora was not less so. The Clergyman waited to perform the ceremony, and to make any inquiry respecting the discovery which he alluded to at such a moment was im-

possible. His Grace conducted her to his nephew, who was supported by pillows; no sooner was the ceremony over, than the medical gentlemen requested that his Lordship might be left; as the agitation which his spirits had undergone, had been of serious injury to him. Mrs. Vansittart led the bride into her chamber, where she had sal-volatile, &c. Just at this moment Colonel Darcy and Mr. Read arrived; Mrs. Vansittart went to them; the Colonel said he thought that they had been in a great hurry to marry Cora before his arrival; and spoke it in a very pettish manner;—recollecting himself, he begged pardon for his hasty temper; said he would go to the bride, and left Mrs. Vansittart to talk over the history of the foundling with Mr. Read. After having

conversed some time together, they were interrupted by the entrance of the Duke. He apologized to Mr. Read, for not having met him in town; but that he now hoped to hear some account of his son. ' Major Mandeville, my Lord Duke, is just arrived from Spain, this Lady found him, when abandoned by his relations; and I have brought with me such proofs as are incontrovertible, that Albert Mandeville is the son of your Grace." It is impossible to say which appeared most astonished at this discovery, Mrs. Vansittart or the Duke of Clonmel; was he then, indeed, so blest as to call a Hero of Salamanca his son? A full explanation was about to take place, when his Grace was called out; the whole house was in the greatest confusion, and such hurry

and bustle continued, that Mrs. Vansittart said she would go to her niece; but she and Darcy where gone from where she had left them; she followed to Lord Edward B—'s apartments, when she saw such a scene of horror, as appalled her firm mind. His Lordship was holding the hand of his bride, who, as well as himself, was covered with blood, which proceeded from his Lordship's having broken a blood vessel; and in a few hours this elegant and amiable young man breathed his last.

The miserable Cora was within a few hours a wife and widow; she felt the full force of her afflictions; but she bore her sorrows with becoming resignation; they endeavoured to prevail on her to leave the scene of so much woe imme-

diately; but she said she would strictly perform her duty, however she might suffer from it; that she would not remove from thence till her husband was buried; and that she insisted that his funeral might not be hurried on her account; she also desired that she might be permitted to remain in perfect solitude; that she knew her own temper of mind, and that by being left to herself, she should sooner recover from the shock which she had received, than if compelled to mix in society. The Duke desired that she might, in every respect, follow her own inclinations. At the expiration of three weeks from the time of Lord Edward B—'s, death they all returned to town; they had arrived the same morning that Albert saw the servant deliver the jewels; and when he

entered his lodging, he was immediately addressed by Mr. Read, who kept him in no suspense, but candidly told him, that he was come to conduct him to his father. " A father!" said Mandeville, " have I then indeed a father; and is he an honest man; am I not a child of vice?" " You are the legitimate, acknowledged son of the Duke of Clonmel." Mandeville sunk on his knees. " Oh God! accept my thanks for all thy bounties, and grant, O merciful Father, that I may merit a continuance of thy favour, that I may bear the honours which are conferred on me with humility!"

O thou great arbiter of life and death!
Nature's immortal, immaterial Sun!
Whose all prolific beam, late called me forth
From darkness, teeming darkness, where I lay,

The worm's inferior, and in rank, beneath
The dust I tread on, high to bear my brow,
To drink the spirit of the golden day,
And triumph in existence; and could'st know,
No motive but my bliss;

Mr. Read then informed Mandeville of all the occurrences which had taken place; Cora had then married his cousin; during the relation, his countenance varied several times for joy and surprise alternately, sat on his fine countenance. Mr. Read now told him that all his friends were anxious to see him; but that still it remained with himself when the meeting should take place, as a very unpleasant story had been circulated respecting his having eloped with a novice. Albert coloured, " Is it then possible that persons who have known me from my infancy could for a moment suppose me capable of murder! I cannot stoop to vin-

dicate my conduct; I will introduce you to Isabel and Eustace, and they shall convince you, that Mandeville never forfeited his honour." Mr. Read assured him, that he was perfectly convinced of his innocence, and that he would call for him in an hour to attend him to the Duke's; but he declined going to Portland Place till Mr. Read had seen the novice; and finding that his young friend was resolved never to enter his father's presence while he entertained the least doubt of his honour, they immedately went to Mrs. Neville's, where they found Isabel, who expressed great grief that Albert had suffered such aspersions on his character in consequence of his humanity and liberality to her and Eustace. When they approached the Duke's house, Mandeville experienced such a sen-

sation of awe, affection, and delight, and trembled so violently, that when he entered the Duke's presence, if his father had not supported him in his arms, he would have sunk to the ground; his Grace's emotions were so violent, that he could only articulate, "Can you forgive me, my son?" his audible sobs then prevented his speaking; silence for several minutes prevailed; what a parent and child felt in such a situation can better be fancied than described; for some hours they continued together; every past occurrence they referred to; the Duke desired that in future his son would reside with him. Albert replied, that he had expected every hour to have orders to return to Spain, as he had applied to be sent out immediately. His Grace and his son we will now leave to settle that point, and

inform the readers of a Hero of Salamanca, how he became exposed to want and misery.

When Lord Ducarrel first became acquainted with Miss Campbell, he had no thoughts of marrying; but the interesting and virtuous Jessy he found could be obtained on no other terms: it then struck him, that a Scotch wedding might be easily set aside, as suited the convenience of the parties. He was married to Miss Campbell at Gretna Green; the only persons present were the postillion who drove them, and Lord Ducarrel's confidential servant. After residing some time with Lady Ducarrel, in the Isle of White, he became tired of the simplicity and sameness attending a country life; if he once introduced his wife in England, he could then never avail

himself of the fancied privilege of the Scotch marriage: by various pretences he deferred, from time to time, taking Lady Ducarrel even to Newport; and the mild and gentle Jessy, perceiving it was his wish that she should pass her life in solitude, made no remonstrance; but he would not allow her to write to her father or mother, unless he saw the letters; and when he found that they were coming into Hampshire, he told her, that he should immediately go to the continent. For the first time she ventured to oppose his will, pleading that, as she expected soon to be confined, she hoped he would not remove her to a strange land, without one friend with her before the dreaded moment was past, she intreated and implored, that he would let her remain with her

parents; that she would come to him immediately after her confinement. On this he taxed her with having a greater affection for her father and mother, than for her husband: his temper had for some time been so irritable, that Jessy was afraid of him; but as her alarms at going abroad without a female appeared to afflict her very much, he hired a very pretty young person, in the capacity of lady's maid, to attend her. She was above the common class of servants; had been well educated, spoke French, and Lady Ducarrel made this young person more a companion than a dependant; but she left the white cliffs of Albion with a heavy heart—she seemed to forebode, that all her earthly felicity was at an end. Lord Ducarrel travelled abroad under the name

of Mr. Purvis: he told his wife, that he adopted travelling as a private gentleman to save expence, for they always made mi Lord Anglois pay extravagantly; she dared have no other will than his; and, as Mr. and Mrs. Purvis, they took up there abode in Lisle, where she was delivered of a son, who was never baptised; but they called him Alphonso. Soon after Lady Ducarrel's recovery, she wrote to her mother, and continued frequently to address letters to her parents, which Lord Ducarrel intercepted; and, from the time she left England, she never heard from her relations. Lord Ducarrel proceeded to visit the different provinces in France; he then went to Madrid, and Miss Eccles, the young person Lady Ducarrel took over with her, was become

such a favourite of his Lordship, that she now was only considered as her Ladyship's companion, and another person was hired to wait on Lady Ducarrel, whose whole time was now taken up with her little Alphonso. Her Ladyship nursed her darling boy, and so fearful she was of heating herself, and by that means injuring her child, that she never frequented any public amusements. Miss Eccles behaved to Lady Ducarrel with the greatest attention, and appeared grateful for being placed in the situation which she was now in; and when his Lordship did not treat his wife with that kindness which she expected and deserved, she would seek consolation in the sympathy of Maria. Don Antonio de Souza was one of the most intimate friends of Lord

Ducarrel, he could not visit constantly at the house, and not admire the patient resignation of Lady Ducarrel. Antonio saw that she was imposed on by Miss Eccles, who, in fact, her husband was in love with; but the artful girl resisted every overture which he made for her to become his mistress; at the same time confessed her affection for him, and by hints gave him to understand that his wife was partial to Don Antonio. Jealousy was a leading feature in his Lordship's character; he was furious at the intelligence, and it required all Maria Eccles' art to prevent his revenging the injury which Antonio had done him, by challenging the Spaniard; but by tears and intreaties she prevailed on him not to risk his precious life; that he might find other methods of

revenge; she had heard him say, that he could set his marriage aside at pleasure; this she mentioned, and he determined to avail himself of it. At this time his uncle dying, he became Duke of Clonmel; but Lady Ducarrel was kept in ignorance of the rank of her husband; his fixed look when she addressed him, the petulance of his manner, the anxiety she felt at never hearing from England, all combined to make her a miserable creature. She had no friend but Miss Eccles, to her she unbosomed her griefs; and she artfully gave the unfortunate wife to understand that Lord Ducarrel was a man of great gallantry; this intelligence made Lady Ducarrel treat her husband with coldness, which he imputed to her preference for Don Antonio; and

in a moment of passion, he informed her that she might marry her paramour if she pleased, for that he no longer considered her as his wife; that the boy he would take care of; but that he would never see her more. Lady Ducarrel for several months after this was in such dreadful health, that it was not supposed possible that she could live; she did not know what was become of her child, he had been placed under the care of Lord Ducarrel's valet, who was desired to provide every thing proper for the child, and a large sum given to him for the maintenance of it. Soon after this the Duke of Clonmel was united, in the English Ambassador's chapel at Rome, to Miss Eccles, and the unfortunate Jessy was left under the care of Don Antonio de Souza. During

her illness she was attended to with the greatest attention and respect, all at the expence of Antonio. When she heard that her husband was married, she became the greatest object of compassion, the reports circulated by Miss Eccles, induced every one to believe that the innocent Jessy was a woman of loose principles. Antonio knew to the contrary; he pitied, and he loved Lady Ducarrel; he represented to her, that in her situation the only alternative was accepting of his hand; that when she was his wife, no one dare insult her; that he would protect her, and would make her happy. Jessy once more became a bride. Antonio by bribes prevailed on Lord Ducarrel's valet to tell what had been done with Alphonso; he learnt, that the child was to be brought up as the ser-

vant's; he prevailed on the man to send the person who had the child in England, a letter from Donna de Souza; which he did, in which she gave directions to her father, and enclosed a considerable sum of money, that they might go to Scotland, and place her dear boy with her parents, should they still be living, otherwise with some of her relations: not hearing from them, she wrote to Mr. Campbell; but the only letter which reached him was the few lines which have been mentioned. Don Antonio by his kindness endeavoured to make amends for Jessy's former sorrows, and intended, as soon as she was strong enough for such a journey, to take her to Scotland; but she was naturally of a delicate constitution; she could not reconcile to herself her marrying Antonio, and only

necessity induced her to do it: the birth of Isabel de Souza, was followed by the death of her mother. Thus Albert, by the wonderful interposition of Providence, in the novice Isabel, saved his sister from persecution and, most probably, death.

The Duke of Clonmel, when he heard of the death of his once-beloved Jessy, felt great affliction; some things which he had observed in the conduct of the Duchess, created suspicion in his breast, that he had been imposed on. As soon as she heard that Donna Antonio de Souza was dead, she wished to prevail on the Duke to marry her again; but she could not succeed: they had now three children; but whenever the Duke looked at them, tears would moisten his eyes, recollecting Jessy and Alphonso. The valet entrusted the child

to the care of his wife, who was going to England; he was a man of intrigue, and had long been the confidential servant of the Duke; the boy was dressed as his son, but in the plaits of the clothes in which the child was dressed, he sewed the certificate of Miss Campbell's marriage, and the narrative of what had passed since she quitted England; and gave strict in-injunctions to his wife, to take the boy to his grandfather. But the poor woman thought, by carrying some lace to England, that she should make a considerable sum by it, loaded herself with that and other contraband articles; and that she might not run any risk of losing her merchandize, she accepted the offer of some smugglers to be put on shore in their boat; but the moment they landed, they were sur-

rounded by the Custom House officers. One of the smugglers took the child in his arms, and ran away with him; when he had got to a considerable distance, being tired of his burthen, he laid the boy on the grass, and returned to look for the rest of his comrades; during which time Rosa had taken the little foundling under her protection; the night was very dark, and when the man returned, not finding the boy, he concluded that he had mistook the way: the poor woman was put in prison, and lost all her lace, &c. she was conducted to be imprisoned in Dover, and could obtain no account of the boy; she was afraid to write this news to her husband, and received several sums from him for the maintenance of the boy, as she pleaded that she could not find Mr. Camp-

bell, as he was removed from the castle. The Duke of Clonmell lost all his children by the small pox; he was by no means happy with his present Duchess, and the little Alphonso haunted his imagination sleeping and waking; the valet assured him that his son was well; but the Duke determined to have him home, and to make all the reparation which he could to the late Duchess, by acknowledging her child; the valet was sent for him. On his arrival in England he learnt the truth; but as he knew the Duke's temper, he did not dare appear before him; it had been three years since his wife had lost Alphonso; she always thought that he was in Dover, and, consequently, every enquiry had been made there; the valet renewed them; but with more success, he learnt

that a child had, about that time, been discovered by a lady, and he made himself master of all the particulars; after which, he informed the Duke that his son was in such a dangerous state that he could not be removed, and by this means obtained a sum for the use of the child; he then sent word that Alphonso was dead, forged a copy of a register where he was buried, and when he could not obtain any more money for the use of the child; he threatened the Duke that he would inform against him for having married two wives, as he had the register of Miss Campbell's marriage. The Duke now found that he was entirely in the power of this man, and he did not dare return to England till he had disposed of him; to accomplish which he advanced him a sum of money,

and placed him in a regiment which was going to the West Indies. As soon as John Gun had got his commission, he wrote to tell the Duke that his son still lived; but unless he would allow him a thousand per annum for life, he never would divulge where his heir was; to this the Duke assented, when Lieutenant Gun gave only such a vague description of the loss of the boy, that, although the Duke employed several persons to search after him, yet he could obtain no intelligence. Gun, by gambling and bad conduct, lost all he had and his commission, and enlisted in a regiment as a common soldier. In this capacity he remained for several years, when he was promoted to the rank of corporal, and he gave to Captain Mandeville the letter to be forwarded to England, little

thinking that he was addressing the man whom he had so greatly injured. The letter was to Mr. ———, who had been his agent when he held the commission of an officer; in it was a duplicate of Miss Campbell's marriage register, a circumstantial account of where the Duke of Clonmel's son was, describing the dress he had on, and that the register of his mother's marriage was in the child's clothes. This account was to be forwarded to the Duke of Clonmel and to Mr. Campbell. The Duke being in London, had his immediately; when he set off for Scotland, saw Mr. Campbell, and obtained his forgiveness. An express was then sent to Major Mandeville, and also one to Mr. Read. Miss Eccles, on her death bed, acknowledged to the Duke the part she had acted; she confessed that pre-

viously to coming into his family, she had been kept by several, and that she was resolved to get Lady Ducarrel discarded. His Grace, when too late, was sorry for his cruelty to his wife; Cora had a strong resemblance to her, and was the means of a reconciliation between him and Mr. Campbell, never imagining that she was interesting herself for the parents of Mandeville. Mr. Campbell was not equal to a journey to the South. The Marquis of Sutherland, as was now Mandeville's appellation, after having passed two days with the Duke, went to his grandfather. Mr. Campbell, in pressing the son of his beloved Jessy to his heart, seemed to have recovered new life; he spoke often of Cora. Albert confessed his passion for her, and he hoped that in time she would complete his felicity.

On his return to town, he saw Mrs. Vansittart, Colonel Darcy, and Sir John and Lady Rivers; but Cora would not see him; she said, as the widow of Lord Edward B———, she thought it would be very reprehensible in her to see the Marquis, while she was in deep mourning; and she removed to Mrs. Clairville's cottage in Windsor Forest. Albert at first thought this very cruel in Cora; but when he reflected on the delicate situation in which she was placed, he respected her the more for the propriety of her conduct, lamented the melancholy fate of his cousin, and mourned sincerely for him. The Duke insisted upon remunerating those friends, who had been at the expence of educating his son; but they all declined receiving any thing, excepting Lord Clonmel's picture. His Grace then

said, that he would appropriate a sum for the benefit of orphans; that in the present state of warfare, in which we were engaged, he thought the greatest charity would be building an asylum for the widows and female orphans of officers; and he begged that they would look out for a healthy spot to erect it on.

The Marquis undertook this pleasing employment; he drew a plan for a building, which would contain apartments for fifty widows, and one hundred orphans; the widows to have two rooms each, with a small kitchen and cellar, an allowance of two chaldron of coals per annum, twelve pounds of candles, also twenty pounds per year each; the children to be clothed, maintained, and educated, till sixteen years of age. No sooner was the plan of this excellent institution seen, than several

noblemen and merchants requested permission to add their mite; and the Duke had the satisfaction of finding that he had funds sufficient to double the building; he had it erected in a very plain neat manner as he would not permit a farthing to be expended in useless ornaments, which, he said, only enriched the architect, and impoverished the widow and orphan; in the centre was a large stone, on which the names of the subscribers were placed, and the amount of their donation.

The Duke of Clonmel could not bear his son to be absent from him; but when Albert heard that Colonel Rivers was expected every day at Portsmouth, he immediateiy went to meet him, and he declared to see his benefactor safe once more in England, was the happiest moment he ever experienced, for he felt the same af-

fection for the amiable Rivers as if he had been his father. The Colonel could not be prevailed on to take up his residence with the Duke; he said he had so long been accustomed to reside alone, that he should feel a great restraint in being in any other person's house.

The Marquis then settled that he should divide his time between his two fathers. Cora was delighted at seeing her beloved uncle; she looked beautiful in her weeds, and the Duke was very urgent with her to admit of Albert's visits before the expiration of six months; but not all the intreaties of his Grace and Colonel Rivers could prevail; she also declared, that she would not visit the altar, till after fifteen months from the time of her becoming a widow. The Marquis of Sutherland was extremely

disapointed when he heard of her determination, as he thought it most probable that he should be sent to the peninsula before that period; the Duke was extremely anxious that he should quit the army; but Albert would not hear of it, and said, that no consideration on earth should induce him to give up his commission while his country demanded his services.

Colonel Rivers purchased the cottage in which Mrs. Mandeville had resided at Deal, and some land adjoining; he had it pulled down, and built a small pavilion for a summer residence. Mrs. Vansittart wished him extremely to make her house his home; but he objected to it, assuring her that she would be constantly plagued with his company; but that he liked to have a home of his own; that, when he

was sulky, he might retire to it; he was now perfectly recovered from the dangerous wounds which he had received at Albuera, and his cheerful conversation made him a very desirable companion. Darcy seemed to have grown ten years younger, from residing with friends whom he loved so sincerely. Rivers had two rooms fitted up for him in the pavilion, which he named Darcy's boudoirs. Every thing in his cottage was neat and elegant; unknown to his friends he had purchased the place some time since, and it was in a state of great forwardness when he returned to England. The grounds were laid out in a fanciful manner. They joked the Colonel on having planned every thing useful for both ladies and gentlemen, and hinted that of course

he meant to take an helpmate; but Mrs. Vansittart, who, watched every turn of his countenance, saw that the subject was painful to him, and she immediately gave a different turn to the discourse: whether the Colonel had ever had a serious attachment, none of his friends knew; but he was so calculated for domestic felicity, that every one regretted that he remained single. A report at one time prevailed, that the lady to whom he was going to be married had died suddenly; but this originated from Colonel Rivers writing the following elegy, which he happened to leave on his writing desk, in a transport, when he was at sea.

The word is given, Delia, once more farewel!
  Ah me! how fleeting all our joys are found!
The pangs I feel, thy tender heart can tell,
  For pangs like mine, that tender heart must wound.

Snatch'd from thy arms, to distant lands I roam,
And face the horrors of the raging sea :
Far from my long-lov'd friends, and native home,
And far my Delia !—ah, too far from thee !
No more thy pleasing converse cheers my soul,
And smooths my passage through life's rugged way:
Thy smiles no more my wonted cares controul,
And give new glories to the golden day.
No more with thee I hail the approach of dawn ;
And hand in hand the varied landscape rove,
Where fostering gales invest the dew-bright lawn,
Unlock the garden sweets, or fan the grove—
With notes accordant to thy skilful tongue,
No more I seek my doric reed to tune,
No more the tender melody prolong,
And chide the envious hours that fleet too soon.
Ee'n now, whilst prompted by the pleasing part,
In artless numbers flows this pensive lay :
The tottering vessel quivers with the blast,
And angry clouds obscure the face of day.
Yet why repine ? my anxious breast be still,
No human breast is free from foul alloy ;
But what at present bears the face of ill,
May end in smiling peace and lasting joy.

CHAPTER V.

A married life, to speak the best,
To all a lottery confest :
Yet, if my fair one will be wise,
I will ensure my girl a prize,
Tho' not a prize to match thy worth ;
Perhaps thy equal's not on Earth.

To the Marquis of Sutherland and Cora, the time appeared to fly on leaden wings; but at last the wished-for day arrived when [illegible] was to be permitted to see his beloved [illegible]dy B———. A magnificent dinner was given on the occasion by Lady Gordon, who anticipated the approaching wedding with satisfaction, for she was never in her element, but when in a hurry and bustle.

All her eloquence could not induce her daughter to leave Cora while she remained in weeds, nor would Lady B——— go beyond the grounds till the expiration of that time. Lady Gordon was fond of her daughter, and in the society of Mrs. Vansittart and her friends she certainly had great pleasure; but she had set her heart upon the bride's making a very grand appearance, and she had been totally disappointed; she now hoped that Cora would soon make her amends for her disappointment; and previously to receiving the Duke of Clonmel and his so[n] she was occupied for three weeks in preparations for their reception, as she agreeably surprised the party, by fire-works and splendid transparencies, representing

the actions in which the Marquis and Colonel Rivers had been engaged.

Feasting and visiting now took place of the late retired lives which the ladies had led; and Albert and Cora were as happy as mortals could be. She had a very elegant mausoleum erected in Westminster Abbey, with an affecting short description of the death of lord B——.

Mrs. Vansittart was a great proficient on the harp; Cora sung enchantingly; the Marquis was passionately fond of music; and every evening they were disengaged, they amused themselves with a concert *en famille*. Mrs. Vansittart was accompanying Cora in one of Handel's beautiful compositions, when she was told, that a woman, who appeared to be in great distress, desired to be admitted

to her presence, that her name was Nondescript. Colonel Darcy intreated that he might attend to what the person had to say; but Mrs. Vansittart said that she made it a rule always to speak herself to persons who were in distress, as, frequently, it was adding to their sorrow, by exposing their concerns to a third person. She instantly ordered that the woman should be shewn into her dressing room; but no sooner had Mrs. Vansittart opened the door, when Miss Becky Nondescript fell prostrate before her, and protested that she would not rise from that posture till she was forgiven by Mrs. Vansittart, as since she had injured her she had only known sorrow; but from the surprise which was visible in the countenance of her auditor, she imagined that Mrs. Van-

sittart did not recollect her. "I do not wonder, madam, that you have forgotten me, I am indeed much altered; after I reported that Albert Mandeville was your son, and prevented your going to the club ball, several of the respectable people in the neighbourhood dropped my acquaintance, and after my being so exposed at Bath, for circulating the same story, I was shunned by every one as a dangerous person. My brother became more penurious than ever, and, in hopes of increasing his wealth, dabbled in the stocks; but proved unfortunate, which broke his heart, and I am left quite destitute; for some months I have been in St. Martin's workhouse."

As Mrs. Vansittart had been kept in total ignorance of every circumstance

respecting the club ball, she concluded that the unhappy being before her was some poor maniac, and she called to colonel Darcy; but he had the disagreeable task of explaining the whole of the affair. Mrs. Vansittart was much afflicted by such intelligence; she had, then, been sent to India, separated from her dear and affectionate friends, from the vile aspersions of a wicked, envious old maid. Resentment at first got the better of her humanity, and she ordered that in future Miss Nondescript should not be admitted;--but after a night's reflection, reason resumed her seat, and charity pleaded for the miserable object who was in a work-house. The past could not be recalled; the Nondescripts had injured her it was true; but the ways of Providence were inscrutable; probably her being

sent to India, had been the means of saving her from much misery. Had she staid in England, her partiality for colonel Darcy would have increased, she might have become so attached to him, that she could not in justice have married any other;— by going to India she had formed a very desirable connection. Mr. Vansittart had been an excellent husband; she was now possessed of immense riches, which, if it had not been for Miss Becky Nondescript, she should never, most likely, have obtained; then, assuredly, it was but just that she should share them. Mrs. Vansittart was angry with herself for the order which she had given respecting Miss Becky; she got into her carriage, and left in a blank cover at the workhouse a twenty pound note for Miss Becky. She then went to

her solicitor, and desired that a deed of gift might be immediately executed, settling one hundred per annum on Miss Nondescript for her life. After having thus relieved those who had persecuted her, she returned home in excellent spirits; for she had too much sense at her time of life, to fret at what had happened so many years before. She had strictly performed the duties required of her in the different situations which she had filled. She knew herself to be innocent, that when she had, at the last day, to render an account of her actions, she should meet her Maker with a heart and conscience void of offence,—with such a delightful impression, it was not the envy and malice of the worthless, that could ruffle her tranquillity; but she told Darcy that

had she, at the time the report was circulated, been informed of it, she really believe that it would have killed her. She wisked much to know what had become of Captain Owen Ap-Strap. Colonel Darcy told her that his had been, indeed, a very melancholly fate;--- for sometime he continued as toad-eater to General and Miss Becky Nondescript; but all that he could obtain from them was now and then a dinner; for, although Miss Becky would have married him, as she had no money, he could not meet her wishes; therefore after they had been so disgraced at Bath, he determined to free himself from their acquaintance, which he could only do, by going abroad, consequently he volunteered his services. But when he came into the field of action he

was so panic-struck, that, all they could do, he would not advance, and the commanding officer of his regiment was compelled to bring him to a court-martial. At Darcy's intreaties they worded his accusation in such a manner as to save his life; and he was sentenced to be dismissed from his regiment, and incapable of serving his Majesty in any capacity whatever. Captain Owen Ap-Strap had saved a little money, and he now went to Ireland, where he paid his addresses to an heiress; they were on the point of being married; but her brother returning from the army, related the disgrace which had occurred to her lover, and protested that he never would allow her to marry such a coward. The young lady was in love, and she consented to elope with Ap-Strap, but Cap-

tain. Brenton overtook his sister before the fatal knot was tied; "To fight you, Sir, is beneath me," said Brenton, "for the man who was dismissed his Majesty's service for cowardice, can never be considered as a gentleman, take this,"—and he kicked him. In scrambling to get out of the reach of such rough treatment, he rolled down a precipice, and was so bruized, that he expired in great torture. "Thus" Darcy continued, "you observe that all your enemies have suffered, consequently we can only pity them." "They have, indeed, my pity," replied Mrs. Vansittart, "for those who have a troubled mind, are the greatest objects of commiseration;—when we know ourselves to be innocent, that conscious blessing will enable us to bear the evils

which more or less fall to the share of every one in this world."

Sir John and Lady Rivers had never returned to the Priory; they divided their time with Mrs. Saville and Mrs. Amphibious, who was married to a very amiable man, and became a domestic character; her husband was so fortunate as to obtain an adjutancy, and they resided at Woolwich. The Duke of Clonmel was much pleased with Eustace and Isabel, they resided with him, and he treated her with the same affection as he did Albert, whom they always found the kind and attentive brother; they had once news of Pere St. Pierre, through Sebastian, who was now perfectly recovered. He had heard that his cousin was safe in England, and he intreated that she would not think of return-

ing. to Spain, till they enjoyed the blessing of peace. He was now a monk, and, by his exemplary conduct and severe discipline, he hoped to obtain forgiveness for his past sins; he remitted a large sum to the novice from her father's estates. Eustace was extremely happy to find that Sebastian was perfectly recovered, for he never had really been easy in his mind since he had wounded him.

Lady Gordon became quite out of patience, when Cora protested that she would not have a public wedding. She said, that it was still recent in her memory, what she had suffered on the day that Matilda was married, and that she would not be exposed to such another mob for all the world:—and, to confess the truth, she had prepared every thing for

her nuptials; and she trusted that the Marquis, and her relations and friends, would indulge her, by complying with her wishes—that she had corresponded with old Margaret, who informed her, that Mr. Campbell was very much recovered in his health and spirits; but he regretted, that he was not able to see his beloved grandson and her united. She continued, that before she knew that the hermit of the valley was grandfather to Albert, she had felt a sincere affection for him, and an interest in his sorrows. It is now in her power to gratify him, in a very reasonable wish which he has formed, and she felt convinced, that all her friends would accompany her once more to the Northern Mountains. The Marquis pressed her most affectionately to his heart:

" Your wishes, my beloved Cora, will ever be a law in the present instance. I am at a loss to express how grateful I feel for this additional proof of your regard." The Duke expressed great pleasure at finding that Cora would now so soon make his son blessed: the whole party promised to accompany her, and Lady Gordon had the satisfaction of being deputed to order the necessary preparations for such a long journey.

Cora was drove by the Marquis in an elegant phaeton with four beautiful greys. —Her smiling happy countenance convinced every one, that this was the happiest journey which she had ever taken—frequently they left the carriage, and rambled amongst the beautiful and terrific mountains—whether they discoursed on the

beauties or the horrors of the scene, they never divulged; but by the length of time they devoted to their rural excursion, it was evident that their conversation was interesting. Sometimes Colonel Rivers would request to know some particulars respecting the different views;—but Cora and Albert were so stupid, that they never could satisfy him.—He was in excellent spirits—he possessed that disposition which receives pleasure from the happiness of others:—no one ever heard of his doing any particular acts of charity,—or ever saw him even give an halfpenny to the poor;—but his benevolence was unbounded; and the orphans and widows of officers experienced his bounty without knowing to whom they were indebted for such munificence.

The Marquis and Cora went alone to the valley. Mr. Campbell was extremely affected at seeing them,—but it was evident that his tears flowed from joy. He expressed a wish to see Isabel---Albert fetched her, and the old man compared her with the picture of his departed Jessy; but she bore little resemblance to it, at which he appeared disappointed; he then talked to her on religious subjects, and when he found that she was a Protestant, he said, "Thank God! I was afraid that I had a grand child who was a Papist."

Isabel, from her attention to Mr. Campbell, soon became necessary to him—and expressed a wish that she and her husband would remain a short time, in Scotland; to which they consented, and Margaret assured them that she had a very pretty

apartment making for their reception, for that she could not prevail on her master to leave the Hamlet.

It was Cora's intention to have had a private wedding; but the news of such great people being at the Castle, soon spread through the country; and to the great delight of Lady Gordon, she saw several carriages in the avenue. As they had come from a considerable distance, Northern hospitality would not permit her Ladyship to let them return, and in a few days, the party consisted of four and twenty persons; a band of music was sent for, and Cora had a more public wedding than if she had remained in town. She taxed Lady Gordon with having invited the company;—she made no reply; but gave orders for the ball

room to be illuminated, she observed that she could now transact all her business with her steward, and as they had brought her to Scotland, they must stay till she could return with them. The Marquis and his bride left her to indulge her fancy, while they explored the neighbouring country. Cora said she hoped he would bring her to the valley; that it would be delightful to quit the busy scene, and

From the gay world retire,
To our own family and fire,
Where love our hours employs;
No noisy neighbour enters here,
No intermedling stranger near,
To spoil our heartfelt joys.
If solid happiness we prize,
Within our breast this jewel lies;
And those are fools who roam;
The world has nothing to bestow,
From our ownselves our joys must flow,
And that dear hut our home.

The Marquis assured her, that he antici-pated great delight in passing much time with Mr. Campbell, and that he had already conversed with him on the subject. They had been six weeks in Scotland, and still Lady Gordon did not talk of bending her steps to the South; and were all so happy that, if the Duke of Clonmel had not been compelled to return to London, they would have prolonged their stay. Isabel was extremely attached to the Marchioness, and when the hour of parting came, evinced her sorrow at the separation;—but she became more reconciled to remaining in the valley, when Eustace brought her the pleasing in-telligence, that Miss Neville would be with her the next day.

Mr. Campbell was fearful, he said, that they should never meet altogether again,

and expressed his fears that the Marquis of Sutherland would be compelled to join the army in Spain; and his beautiful wife, for the first time, regretted that her beloved Albert was a hero of Salamanca.

FINIS.

G. SIDNEY, Printer,
Northumberland-street, Strand.